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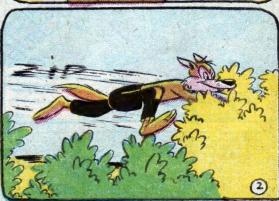
























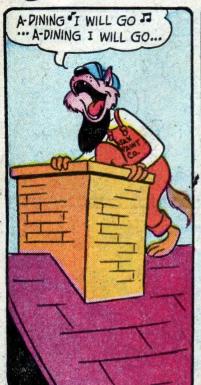


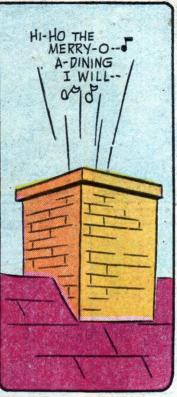






























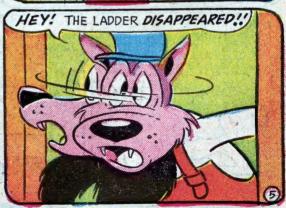








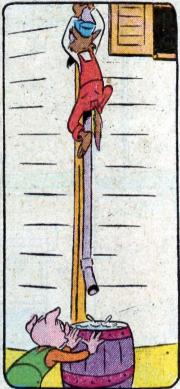


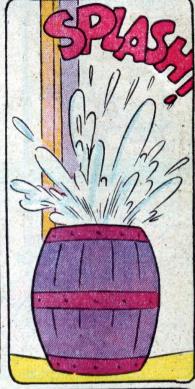










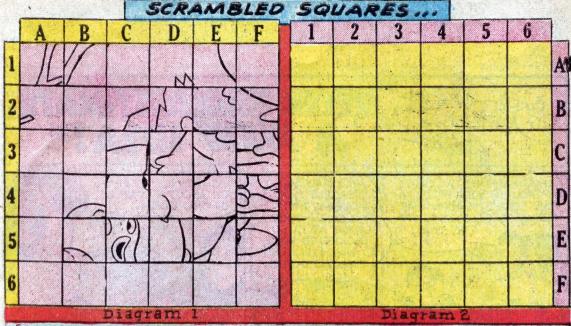












EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT AN ARTIST, YOU CAN DRAW A SURPRISE CARTOON IN DIAGRAM 2. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS: BEGINNING WITH SQUARE



# Banks:

### "NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A NEW IDEA!"



AW, I HAD AN IDEA BUT I THOUGHT THE FELLOWS WOULD LAUGH AT IT, SO I DECIDED TO STICK TO WHAT EVERYBODY ELSE WAS DOING.



BACK IN 1878, THEY BUILT A NEW KIND OF SLED. THE OTHER FELLOWS DID LAUGH--BUT IT OUTRAN ALL THE OTHERS."



"AFTER THAT, THEY TRIED OTHER NEW IDEAS, AND YEARS LATER, WHEN THEY BEGAN BUILDING A GLIDER, THEIR NEIGHBORS LAUGHED AGAIN."



"SOME OF THEIR IDEAS FAILED, BUT INSTEAD OF BEING DISCOURAGED, THEY KEPT TRYING, READING ABOUT OTHER INVENTORS, AND WORKING. FINALLY..."



YOU KNOW WHO THOSE TWO WERE? THE WRIGHT BROTHERS -- WILBUR AND ORVILLE. THE FIRST MEN IN HISTORY TO FLY!



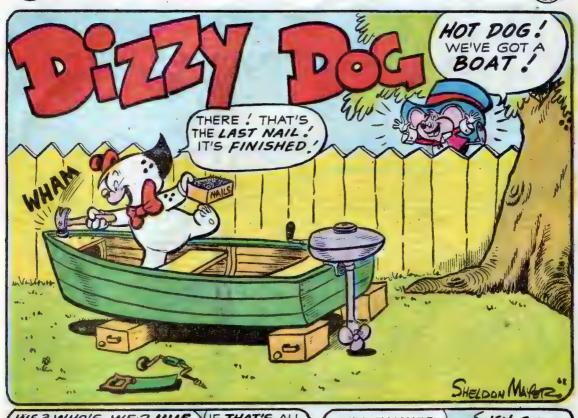
WELL, I'D BETTER
GET BUSY. I'VE
ONLY A WEEK TO
BUILD MY SOAP-BOX
RACER OF THE
CENTURY!



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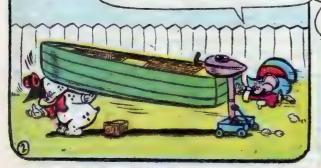






NOW, IF THE CAPTAIN IS -

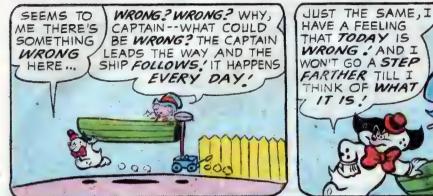
-- HIS TRUSTY SHIP AND CREW ARE ALL READY TO FOLLOW, SIR!



















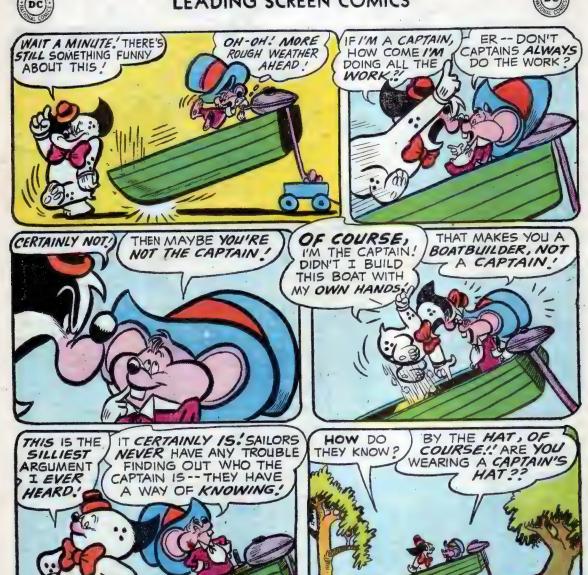






































HITCH .

HIKING '







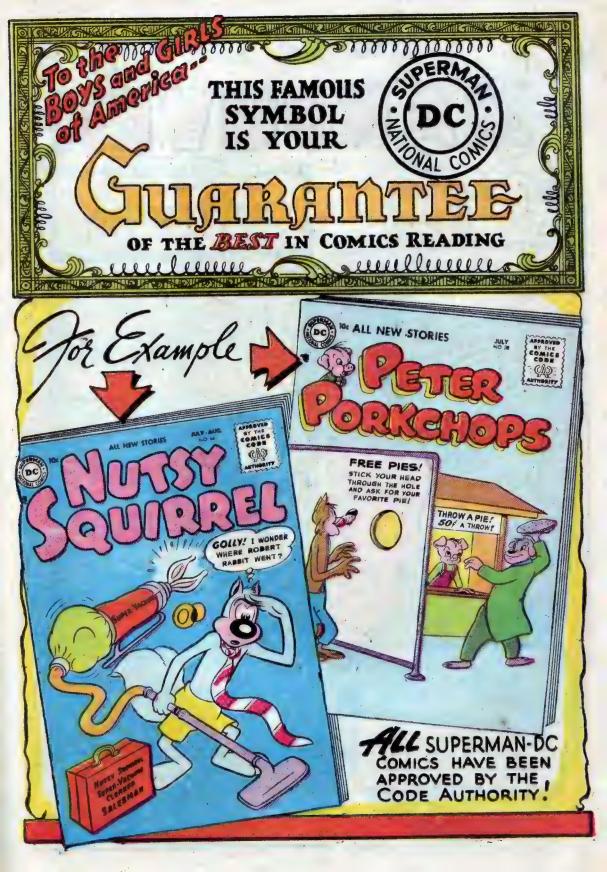


















## Word MANEUVER



USING ONLY THE LETTERS
IN THE PASSWORD, CAN
YOU SPELL IS FIVE-LETTER
WORDS IN 15 MINUTES?
ONE WORD HAS BEEN INSERTED
TO SHOW AN EXAMPLE. A LIST
OF POSSIBLE ANSWERS APPEARS
BELOW. PENCIL READY—
WATCH SYNCHRONIZED? THE
WORD MANEUVER IS ON!

Password BATTLESHIP

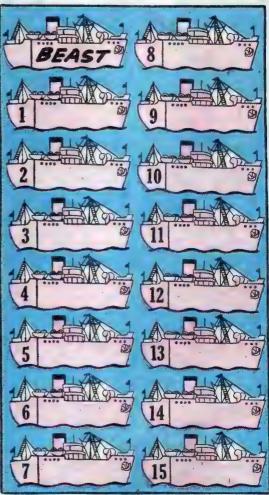




TABLE LEAST PETAL SPLIT PLEAT SABLE STALE TRABLE STARE STARE













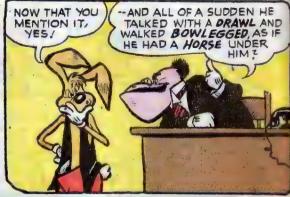
LOOK AT SKINNY QUICK! HE'S
ACTING STRANGE-HE THINKS I'M
A STRANGER!

A STRANGER!































































































### Good For Thought



DOES your mommy have a vanity table? Most mommies do, because, of course, mommies are always girls or ladies, and girls and ladies like to be pretty. The vanity table-in case you didn't know-is the low dresser in your mommy's bedroom, the one with a mirror. It probably has a few bottles of nice-smelling perfume on it. Maybe some lipsticks looking like big, golden bullets. There's a comb and brush set, isn't there? Oh, vanity tables have lots of interesting things on them, each one used by your mom because she wants you to think she's the prettiest mom in the whole wide world!

Well, this is a story about a little girl squirrel named Beth Bushytail. She had a pretty mommy, and the pretty mommy had a vanity table! On the vanity table were all the usual things: perfumes and lipsticks and a comb and brush set. And, besides the usual things, there were lots and lots of not so usual things. Beth's mom used various little jurs filled with lotions and creams and cils and powders. Some were supposed

to make her face smooth. Some were supposed to make her elbows less rough. Some were supposed to clean off her rouge faster than just plain water could. Some were supposed to color her eyelids just enough to make her eyes look bigger and brighter.

All these things were called cosmetics. Beth's mommy had once told her this word. So now Beth murmured, "Goodness! I guess my mommy has more cos-met-ics than any other mama anywhere!"

Beth Bushytail looked at all the different labels on the many little jars. One said MASCARA. Another said POWDER BASE. And another said WRINKLE CREAM. And another said KNUCKLE SALVE. And then . . . Beth came to a specially interesting jar. The label said VANISHING CREAM.

"Golly!" Beth exclaimed. "Look at this!"

She took it for granted that the label meant just what it said. After all, if this jar contained a cream for vanishing, why, of course, it meant this cream could make you vanish when you spread it on yourself! Beth knew what happened to something that vanished. It disappeared... went out of sight!

"Golly!" she repeated, very much amazed. "If I put this vanishing cream on me, I'll disappear!"

Beth didn't realize what this particular kind of cosmetic actually was. Her mommy used it to make her complexion clear. It was called "vanishing cream" because it made the small marks and spots on her mom's face vanish when she cleaned it with this certain cream. Lots of mommies use it all the time, just to look prettier. It wasn't a magic cream at all. And it certainly could never make a little girl squirrel named Beth Bushytail disappear right off the earth!

But Beth didn't know the facts. So she kept repeating in great surprise. "I can disappear!" And she grinned, thinking of what she could do, now that she knew the secret of becoming invisible!

Beth kept her secret to herself all day. She made plans, very clever plans. That night, long after she was tucked into bed, she crept out of her room into the upstairs hall. From downstairs came a loud surge of noise—laughing and talking and the clinking of dishes and the scraping of chairs. Beth's parents were giving a big party. Beth crept quietly into her mother's empty room.

A few minutes later Beth's mom and dad and their eighteen merry party

guests looked toward the stairs and ... stared! Their mouths gaped wide open! Then they began to laugh. They laughed and laughed and laughed, so hard they could scarcely stand up! What they saw was this: little Beth Bushytail, calmly crossing the room, all covered from head to foot with thick gooey white vanishing cream! As the twenty grown-ups roared with laughter, Beth silently made her way to the buffet, where all the goodies were set out. She took a cookie and a candy and an olive and a square of pineapple and a few other delightful bits of food. Then, as silently as she had arrived, she wended her way back through the party guests and up the stairs to her room.

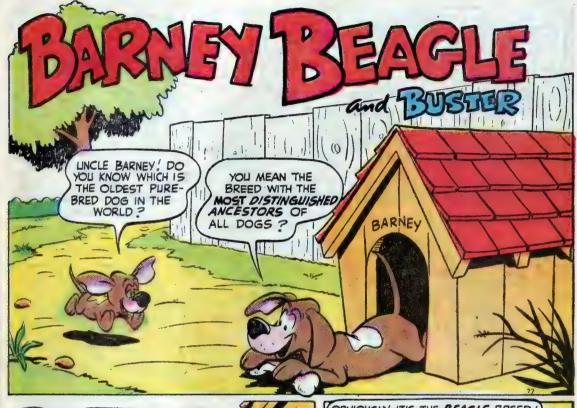
"It worked!" she said, as she crawled into bed and began to munch on the goodies. "Nobody saw me! The vanishing cream made me invisible! And they were so busy laughing at something that they didn't even notice the cookie and candy and everything being lifted—like magic—off the plates! Boy, these sure do taste good!"

Beth's mom never mentioned that evening to her. If a little girl squirrel wants to believe in magic, who should scold her? But the next time Mr. and Mrs. Bushytail had a party and Beth decided to become invisible and steal some goodies again, she looked in vain for the vanishing cream. It had vanished from the vanity table!

Beth's mommy had made sure that never again would there be a repeat performance!











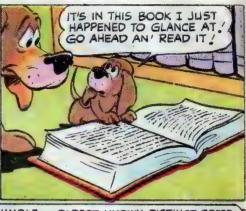


























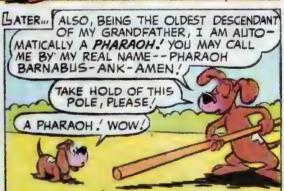






















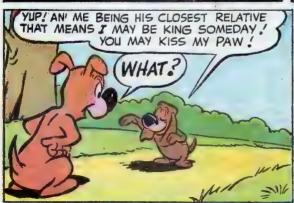




















UNCLE BARNEY! BUCK JUST SAID YOU WERE A BROKEN-DOWN BEAGLE! HE DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE AN EGYPTIAN HOUND, AND HE SLAPPED ME!









































LOOK! IF BARNEY GETS AWAY WITH THIS, LIFE WON'T BE WORTH LIVING AROUND HERE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO BUST IT UP! NOW WATCH!



HEY, BARNEY! LOOK! WOW! I'LL SIX RABBITS OVER FETCH IN THE HEDGE!





